I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* House,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Governer of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross.

Ross. And living too, for now hi
Will. Barely in title, not in reve
Nor. Richly in both, if justice
Ross. My heart is great: but it m
Ere't be disburthen'd with a libera
Nor. Nay speake thy mind & le
That speakes thy words againe to
Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake
If it be so, out with it boldly man
Quicke is mine eare to heare of g
Ross. No good at all that I can d
Vnlesse you call it good to pity hi
Bereft and gelded of his patrimon
Nor. Now afore heaven, 'ts sh
borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many
Of noble blood in this declining L
The King is not himselfe, but base
By flatterers, and what they will i
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us al
That will the King severely prosecu
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, a
Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd
And quite lost their hearts: the N
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost
Wil. And daily new exactions are
As blankes, benevolences, and I wo
But what o' Gods name doth becō
Nor. Warres hath not wasted it, f
But basely yeelded upon comprimi
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd
More hath he spent in peace, then t
Ross. The Earle of Wiltshire hath
Wil. The King's growne bankrup
Nor. Reproach, and desolution h
Ross. He hath not money for these
(His burthenous taxations notwit
But by the robbing of the banish'd

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